

Oh!

This was my mental ejaculation when I read my "Consolatory" letter in last No. of EVANGELIST. It seems as if editor and proofreader and compositor were in league to render me as ridiculous as possible. I confess to a rather angular chirography, but think I am entitled to the exercise of so much discrimination as not to have "Dear Fellow Pilgrim" metamorphosed into Fallen Pilgrims.

However ridiculous and careless mistakes may be there is always a moral, a profitable suggestion in them. Fallen Pilgrims is only too sad and potent a fact; and the saddest of all is we may "steal the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in," and in utter blindness of our true character and work persuade ourselves that we are doing God's service, instead of doing evil. The great devil work of England going on at present in the name of justice in prosecuting and sentencing such a magnanimous soul as Mr. Stead, Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, is doing in a conspicuous way what thousands of professing Christians are doing daily—covering up rottenness and devilism with the cloak of religion. I have no patience with a piety, in myself or others, that finds its life and fibre and rapture in lofty pretensions and pompous ado at the discount of the cross. God is no respecter of persons, and will not accept a big head and prominent position as an atonement for a black heart and enthroned selfishness. The stoop from the Throne of the Universe to the manger and the Cross, is the one great fact and principle that underlies, actuates, and characterizes all genuine Christian life. Emmanuel is a Provisional Man in His own Person and Life; but a real Redeemer only in the repetition of His Incarnation in the individual believer. We are no believers save as we relive the Godlife of Jesus in our own flesh.

Fallen Pilgrims all who seek to climb up some other way. Depart from me, I never knew you. High hopes and pious assumptions and arrogant claims will not avail at the final judgment. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

C. H. BALSBAUGH.

The Chorus of Christianity.

I remember hearing a story in connection with our battle fields. One dreary night while our army was on the eve of a great and important battle, a soldier paced up and down the tent of his general. Wearied with his work he began to sing half to himself, "When I can read my title clear." After a little his voice grew louder, and he sang the hymn as though it were a song of victory. His tones rang out on the still night air. After a little another soldier, off yonder, hearing the music, and fascinated by it, joined in. There was a duet. A little longer, and another voice, farther off, joined, and there was a chorus, and it was not long before the whole army, were joining in that wondrous chorus, and singing in the presence of the enemy.

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the sky."

Well brethren, when I heard the story it seemed to me that I could see in the far-off distance that wondrous carpenter's Son of Nazareth, standing alone and singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men. After a little twelve disciples took up the refrain, and joined in the chorus. After a time, in the next century, a still larger company gathered and sang it with all their hearts. In the next century, a still larger number added their voices, and now after eighteen hundred years have gone by, the music of that wondrous song, which began with Him who stood in his father's workshop, is sung, and echoed and re-echoed the whole wide world over. It is our revelation from God, and it is the pulse that lifts us all up to God.—DR. HEPPORTH.

Nothing to Do.

Men and women with no business, nothing to do, are absolutely pests to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others' industry; leeches, sucking the blood of others; evil-doers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; vampires, eating out the life of the community.

Many of our most interesting youth waste a

great portion of their time in fruitless endeavors at nothing. They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do, and yet have a great desire to do something, and something worthy of themselves. They try this, that, and the other; offer themselves to do anything and everything and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves they cannot, for they know not what they should do it for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies: not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful, but have little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build castles, but never stop to execute and realize them. Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object—a single object! They look at a hundred, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinctively. They grasp at random a hundred things, and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeons—the chances are doubtful. This will never do—no never. Success, respectability, and happiness are found in a permanent basis. An early choice of some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it, should be made by every youth.

SELECTED.

Live Righteously.

Righteousness is justice in its largest sense. Not that justice which is content with refraining from gross wrong towards fellow-creatures. That is, of course, included in righteousness, but the Scripture meaning is more definite and specific than this. To live righteously one must live soberly, for a man who is intemperate in his words, or acts or habits of life is of necessity wronging his fellow-men. He is making everything bend to his one low purpose. He crosses the paths of others without scruple, and invades their rights without remorse, so that he may accomplish his cherished object. He acknowledges no claims upon him, and respects no obligations which it is convenient to evade or neglect.

Now, the man who lives soberly will be likely to live righteously. He will entertain, and, if possible satisfy every just claim. If it is a claim founded on the simple and far-reaching law of doing to others as he would have them do to him, he will respect it, and endeavor to meet it intelligently and liberally. It is a poor sense of justice which stops at the endeavor to pay debts of money. That man has only begun to live righteously who does his best to keep his accounts square; for there are far higher claims than those of creditors and customers. Religion enforces the teaching of nature it inculcates that justice which accepts as holy and binding the claim for affection, for respect, for kind offices of sympathy and counsel and courtesy and friendly aid in all conditions of human life.

The righteous man regardeth the cry of the poor, he admits the poor man's brotherhood and the claim which this makes upon him. He even regards the life of a beast, and will not suffer the rights of the brutes to be infringed without a protest. But in higher spheres this righteousness has its beneficent influence. In the home it bears fruit in kind words and unselfish deeds and self-denials for the good of those who make the tenderest and the least exacting claim. It produces reverence for age, care for the young, a cordial sympathy which eases and lightens the burdens of life, and helps to dissipate the clouds of sorrow. It gives of time and thought and labor and service to the great work of alleviating the miseries and reforming the characters, and supplying the imperfection of humanity. It goes about doing good as Christ did, who developed this idea of justice in his life that every human being had a claim upon every other for some kind office or helpful word or good gift.

This is the sort of Righteousness that gives evidence in God's sight as well as before men that we are partakers of the grace of salvation. How can any be partakers of this grace unless they bear such fruit? The first result of salvation is gratitude, and gratitude asks at once, "What can I do to show my appreciation of that which has been

done for me?" "Go and do likewise," is the reply. Go, as Christ who brought this salvation went, and fulfil all righteousness. Go to the poor and supply their wants; go to the sorrowing and give them comfort; go to the sick and cheer them; go to the feeble and sustain them; suffer the little children to come to you and bless them by your kindness and care; go to the sinning and the wretched and lead them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and healeth the broken hearted. Go to the perishing and tell them of the salvation which in its gracious influence has made you a messenger of good tidings, and thus prove that you have felt its power.

If we would look forward with joy to the appearing of our Master we must "do justice and love mercy"; justice, not in the cold, hard, legal sense of the term, but in the gospel sense, which is interpreted and enforced by the law of love, and be merciful "even as our Father in heaven is merciful."—AUGUSTUS.

Praying Ben.

"I was once preaching," said Father Gray, "in the free church near Otis' Creek, Craven County, N. C. I saw an old colored man sitting on one of the back seats; the big tears coursed down his cheeks. After preaching, when I had eaten my 'snack' all alone, I started for my next appointment, twelve miles distant. Going about three miles I overtook the same old colored man, and asked, 'Ben, Sir.' I asked him, 'Do you belong to the church?' O, yes, massa, been a member forty year; was converted under Elder Brown. I commenced at once to work for my Lord 'mong my colo'd bredren; my massa, Ben Benders, forbid me to pray wid my bredren; whipped me several times, but I git happy and forget myself, and shout loud. Massa burnt down my house, and sent me down to help load a vessel with store; sent a letter to the captain to bind me at night and take me to the West Indies and sell me if he could get but a hog-head of rum.

"That night the Lord made my soul happy; I shouted loud; the sailors jumped up and seized handspikes and said they would kill me if I did not hush, but the captain told them to let me alone. Next morning the wind was ahead; we started off to tow the vessel. The captain said he would put me ashore if I would hide till he come back; he would buy methen and let me stay with my folks. I tole him, 'No, masa, my Lord is in the West Indies too.

"We got a about a mile off Neuse river, sun an hour high, where we saw a boat coming with four hands rowing for life, with a letter from Massa Benders to send Ben back. When I got back I found Massa on his knees crying for mercy. He said, 'Ben, I want you to pray.' I said, 'Massa you must pray for yourself too.' We prayed and wrestled together until about daybreak. God set his soul free and massa set me free."

"This was a true history, as we learned from the old and reliable settlers in that country.—RALEIGH ADVOCATE.

Egotism at the Prayer Meeting.

The personal testimony of a saved man is sometimes of great worth and has a very marked effect in a prayer meeting, especially when given with evident humility and with no savor of boasting. But how often is the *Ego* projected into prayers and testimonies, as if the speaker was the prominent figure in the subject, and not the Man Christ Jesus. True men, men of the right Christian type, become more self-oblivious as their spirituality increases and no word of pietistic cant is heard from their lips. As the carnal *Ego* is crucified with Christ, the new man life, honor and grandeur. While therefore there are times when it may be eminently proper for a Christian, both for the glory of God and the advancement of His Kingdom, to tell what "God has done for his soul" it will perhaps be mere, becoming many to respond to inquires after their religious experience, as the eminently Godly Archabald Alexander did to a similar question; "I have no religion to speak of, sir."—PULPIT TREASURY.

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